

Havyat, Somerset, 1973

A “hippy” squat at a place called Havyat, near Glastonbury, Somerset, England, 1973.

Gnomi is talking about her ex-boyfriend and telling us that he always has to have his “nubile”. “It’s what they’re like when they get older,” She says “They all have their nubile. Their young muses who keep them tuned in to the young vibe. They have to have the energy. They’re like vampires for the nubile energy”.

Gandalf comes downstairs dressed like a sailor. He has widely flared blue denim jeans and a horizontally striped blue and white top. He looks slightly muscular but also a bit wasted at the same time. He has his long hair in knots and ringlets. Ally Dot Dorothy says “Oh Gandalf! You’re really getting into that sailor thing!” In response he raises his arms and poses like a fashion model. He does a little twirl in slow motion and grins.

Meraid known as Merry comes downstairs and gives Gandalf a hug. She is pretty and freckled and looks very fetching in a bedraggled Pre-Raphaelite look. Brian who has the unusual surname of Sheepwash joins them in their hug and have a triangular snog. Suddenly Merry reacts in mock shock. “Oh WHAT! I’ve got two men’s hands stroking my arse at the same time!!!”

The old guy no-one knows who has wandered in from no-one knows where is wearing a horrible looking children’s plastic rainbow coloured raincoat which fits him like a distorted blazer and he wanders from room to room looking for rizlas or food. He looks like he’s escaped from an asylum and acts like he can’t decide whether to be angry about something or to find somewhere to sleep.

Upstairs Marie-Louise and Gazelle, the two beautiful Swedish girls are reading each other’s poetry while Jim Baggins, whom they’ve allowed to share their room, is painting stars and mandalas onto glass jam-jars which he will use to keep pencils and what-not in. He has painted a lot of these jars so he’s going to need a lot of what-not.

Marie-Louise has corkscrew blond hair like a Swedish Marc Bolan as a girl. Gazelle has long dark brown hair. Their blouses link the past of Pre-Raphaelite styles with a future when they will be called “Boho”. Gazelle wears flared blue jeans and Marie-Louise has shiny blue glam rock satin trousers. On the previous day they were sitting nude in the big sink just inside the entrance passageway of the house. They were washing themselves and joking with everyone who came in through the passageway. Wiz came in and Gazelle became very shy and Marie-Louise said “Oh, don’t be ashamed of your body”. Wiz chatted with them briefly, feeling as if he had met water nymphs from a painting.

Everyone thought Wiz was really funny, with his Christian repressed morality and multi-faith mysticism at 19.

In the night-time candles are lit and the squat is a medieval refuge from an atomic war.

Everyone is a time traveller.

We are all psychic refugees.

Tarot cards are read. Philosophies are discussed.

The Beat goes on.

Ally Dot Dorothy is sitting by the wall screwing up her eyes reading by candlelight. She is reading "Knots" by R. D. Laing. She also carries "The Glass Bead Game" with her on her travels.

Everyone is travelling. Physically. Mentally. Emotionally. Spiritually.

Welsh Jim, not Jim Baggins, the other Jim who is Welsh and is called "Welsh Jim", who plays the role of sidekick or henchman to Tex Randolph (a local drug dealer) is talking about sleeping with Josie and John, a teenage couple who sometimes live at the house. Welsh Jim says, with a sly evil grin, that he slowly removed Josie's trousers in the middle of the night when they were all sleeping in the same bed. He says "When Josie woke up she asked John if he had removed her trousers during the night and John said yes it was him". Welsh Jim grins even wider. "But he didn't. It was me".

Wiz grimaces. Not his kind of thing. "That's tantamount to rape" says Wiz.

Welsh Jim laughs.

Welsh Jim has other stories which he thinks are sexy. But they're not.

Different people come to the house as the months go by. People come and go. There is very little food. There is very little available work or housing.

People wander the roads and country lanes finding wild berries, wild cabbage, dandelions, scrumpable apples, discarded food behind supermarkets. They squat cottages and cook communal meals. They carry bags containing muesli and dried fruit, rescue remedy, books and bandages.

It is the beginning of the New Age. The world is going to be better. It is anarchy. One day. Some day. Coming some time, may beeeee.....